

MA SUNDAY'S MESSAGE TO WOMANKIND—FASHIONS OF THE DAY—RELIABLE RECIPES

TAKING AN INTERESTING SUMMER TRIP SANS EXPENSE

Consolation for the Renunciation of That Journey You Had Planned to Be Found in Good Reading

DO YOU know that even if you cannot afford that trip you had planned, you can, without any expense, spend a part of your summer taking pleasant trips, and need not end here but continue these jaunts on into the winter? But perhaps you have already found the way, by a good selection of books.

One need not spend time indoors, deprived of fresh air, to do this; there is all outdoors to be converted into a reading room. With this and absorbing books your mind will be as stimulated as if you had had your eight-seeing expedition.

Too few people read intelligently. They believe themselves to be fond of one kind of story, or of one author, and fail to realize that by careful selection of different styles of fiction, history or travel books they can gain as wide a knowledge of people and places as if they had made the actual journey. It is a good idea to plan an excursion into the literary field much as one would plan a trip to another country and to live in each tale until you become thoroughly saturated with the "atmosphere," going from one country to another and from one author to another with each season. Doing this, one can avoid self-absorption and its ensuing discontent.

THOMAS HOOD in a letter to the secretary of the Manchester Athenaeum in the quaint phrasing of 1843, spoke of the consolations and pleasures he derived from literature, as follows: "I have ever and recorded my deep obligations to literature; that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage."

For the closest association of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton will hardly seek or put up with low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the British wallowing that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world.

"Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing and the heart from breaking; nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental-food can even atone for too meager diet-rich fare on the paper for short commons on the cloth."

It was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to Lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician; to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the poor-law commissioners, all animal food from a bullock to a rabbit being strictly interdicted; as well as all fluids stronger than that which lays dust.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily endorse the views expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. In wrapping a cloth around a pudding, necessary to boiling it, should it be tied?
2. Which is better, tea made by the use of a tea-ball or an old-fashioned teapot?
3. How can coffee be made clear?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. If bread is baked too quickly it is liable to become sour.
2. When grease is spilled on the floor a little cold water should be poured on it immediately. This will harden the grease and prevent it from soaking into the wood.
3. If labels are applied to bottles with a little white of egg they will not crack when the bottles are immersed in warm water.

Graham Bread—Rice Bread

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you kindly print in your column a recipe for graham bread, also for rice bread? I have often used the hints gained in the columns of the Woman's Exchange.

(Mrs.) L. W.

Whole-wheat or graham bread: One and a half cups lukewarm milk, three tablespoons brown sugar, one and a quarter teaspoons salt, three cups whole-wheat or graham flour, one-half yeast cake. Scald the milk, together with the sugar and salt. When lukewarm add the yeast, mixing it first with a little of the milk, then add the flour, beat well and let it stand until it doubles in bulk. Beat again thoroughly, put into a pan and let it rise a second time. This recipe was worked out by experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, as was the one for the rice bread.

Rice bread: One cup lukewarm water or milk or a mixture of the two, one cup uncooked rice, one and a quarter cups lukewarm milk, one and a quarter cups brown sugar, one and a quarter teaspoons salt, three cups whole-wheat or graham flour, one-half yeast cake. Scald the milk, together with the sugar and salt. When lukewarm add the yeast, mixing it first with a little of the milk, then add the flour, beat well and let it stand until it doubles in bulk. Beat again thoroughly, put into a pan and let it rise a second time. This recipe was worked out by experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, as was the one for the rice bread.

Cold-Pack Method of Canning

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you kindly explain the cold-pack method of canning to me, just what it is and how it is done? READER.

The cold-pack method was explained in detail in yesterday's EVENING LEDGER under an article signed by John Bartram. Doubtless you saw this, but if not, copies may be procured at the office.

Delicious Mushroom Pie

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—For those who like mushrooms is a delicious pie made from them. Put and measure one-fourth of an inch thick and cut into small pieces. Brush one pound of mushrooms, separate the stems from the caps, and cut the stems into three parts, cover with water and boil for five minutes. Drain and add one-half teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce and a half teaspoonful butter. Mix the mushrooms with the sauce and butter and put in a pie pan. Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes.

Vyvettes



Coral pink bow and flowers, on a gray straw peaked hat.

washes pinafores and waters polyanthus. But the feast of reason and the flow of soul were still mine. Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper; forbidden mutton, there was Lamb; and in lieu of pork, the great Bacon or Hog.

"But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart and the temper. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats who devoured each other; but it is not generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind under vexation is like that kitten, for it is apt to prey upon itself, unless drawn off by a new object, and none better for the purpose than a book for example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling history of the Great Plague, would not be reconciled to a few little ones? Many a dreary, weary hour have I got over, many a gloomy night, many a postponed, many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists! Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of literature and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind doubtless was Sir Humphrey Davy, who went for 'Consolations in Travel' not to the Inn or the post-house, but to his library and his books."

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Afternoon Frocks of Tan Moon-Glo Silk



LIVING UP TO BILLY

By ELIZABETH COOPER

This powerful, human document, written in the form of letters to a young mother serving a term in prison, is one of the most gripping literary products of the twentieth century.

Dear Kate:

I feel so kind of shamed, kind of choked up and happy, that it is awful hard for me to put down on paper just what I am feeling. I don't know what you will say about it, Kate, and I know that you will nearly drop dead when you read this, but I am going to get married and wait a minute—I am going to marry a cop! Can you beat that? Mr. Nancy Lane, who has been brought up since a kid to feel that cops is her natural enemy and to hate a uniform as the devil hates holy water. But some I never think of Tom as being a policeman, he is so kind and good and big-hearted, always doing something nice for people, and he is so nice at home, just like a great, big boy. He loves his little mother and Jollies her and laughs at her, he is just like a good pal to both her and Jack, and they simply worship the ground he walks on and I don't blame them, Kate, because—put your head down close—dear, I do too.

It is the first time I dared say it out loud even to myself. I didn't know what was the matter with me, I used to be so anxious to get up in the morning to see him at the breakfast table, and I liked to pour his coffee and fasten his stick in his belt and go to the gate with him. It seemed like the day would never go by until he got back. Sometimes he would call me up on the telephone. Why, Kate, I couldn't hardly talk to him, and he would notice it and his voice would get worried and he would ask me if I was sick. When he would come home at night we would all have supper and set around and Josh and laugh and talk, him and Jack half quarreling in a good-natured way over their vegetables, or we would dance or just sit out on the front porch with some of the neighbors who'd come in. I didn't know I was loving him 'cause I wanted to be close to him, but when he was a setting by me I didn't want to talk or nothing. I was happy just being near him. One night everybody went in and left us on the porch together. He was quiet for a long while, then he moved over closer to me and put his arm around me and he said soft and quiet-like, "Nan, are you happy here with us?" And I said, "Why, I ain't never been so happy in my life," and he said, "Do you think you could stand it to stay always, and I kind of edged away from him and said, 'I can't stay always; I must go to work next week,' and he said, 'No, you ain't going to work no more, Nan, except for Tom Cassidy. You have got a life-long job teaching him to tango.' I laughed kinda nervous-like, 'That ain't no lie. It would take more than one life to teach you to tango.' Tom took hold of my face and kissed my head and said, 'Nan, little girl, I just want you. Won't you marry me?' 'Oh, Tom,' I said, 'I couldn't say no more, and he said, 'I don't know how to make love much, but I do love you, Nan. From the first night I laid eyes on you I wanted to take you up in my big arms and take care of you, you seemed so little and alone—and you crept right inside of my uniform and stuck around my heart till there ain't room for nothing else."

"Why, everything I heard says your name, and your face goes dancing before me as I walk up and down my beat, and when I looked up sudden the other day at the captain, handed it for a minute he didn't have red, curly hair. Say you will marry me, Nancy, and we will be the happiest bunch in the Bronx." When he had been talking to me it seemed I was just choked up two ways, one with happiness and the other with misery. I said to him, "Oh, Tom, I couldn't marry you." He said, "Why not, don't you love me?" It ain't that, Tom, I said, "but my family is all crooks. You couldn't marry me." He said, "Well, what has that got to do with it? I don't see how they can stop me marrying you. Most of them is in jail, anyway." I couldn't help but laugh, as he was so earnest about it, but I said, "Why, Tom, if they knew you had Central Office that you had married me they might break you. All the bulls

I guess I got the right to marry the finest little girl in New York if I want to, and I would just as soon take you right up to the chief himself and say, 'Chief, this is Nancy Lane, and I am going to marry her. Her father is old Bill Lane, and the worst crook this side of the Pacific, but my little girl is white and clean right through.' And do you know what he would do? He would give you one look over with that clever eye of his and say, 'Put a rose in your hair and go as far as you like, and because you have shown common sense for once in your life you will be made a captain next week.' I laughed and couldn't say nothing much, and he moved over close to me again and laid my face against his coat and put his hand down on my hair, kinda patting my face soft, with his big hand. He said, 'Nancy, darling, you do like me a bit, don't you? I will be so good to you, little one, and I will stand between you and all your troubles.'

"You have had your share and we never need to have no more, cause when things don't go right all you need to do is to run to big Tom Cassidy, and rub your little face up and down the front of his big coat and squeeze a little water out of one eye and put a little tremble in your voice and he would go out and lick a St. Patrick's Day procession for you." Then he was quiet but went on after a while soft and tender like, 'If I sure do love you, little one. Don't you care for me a little?' 'Oh, Tom,' I said, 'It ain't little, it is lots.' Then he said, 'Why won't you say we will be married?' And I said, 'Tom, I care more for you than for anything in the world, but I wouldn't hurt you for nothing.' And he said, 'The only way you can hurt me, Nan, is to say you won't have me and you don't say that, I'll look up at him for a minute and he must a saw what was in my eyes, cause he was quiet, just a looking deep into my eyes. Then he drew my face to him with his two hands and kissed me. Kate, I went all of a tremble and it seemed my heart came right up on my lips when I felt his touch mine, and when he said, 'Say, I love you, Tom,' I only needed to whisper it for him to hear, and I was glad, 'cause I couldn't have spoke it out loud to save my soul.

Oh, Kate, I didn't know there was such a thing in the world as what I am feeling. I am so happy it keeps me quiet, and I like to sit by myself and think of Tom, how big and strong he is, how he will always fight my troubles. But I feel I will never have troubles if I live with him, 'cause he is so good and kind and gentle that sorrow could never come near him or his.

I won't write you more, 'cause if I wrote you a hundred pages I couldn't say more than that I'm the happiest girl in the world, 'cause I love him, love him, love him.

NAN.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)
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Tomorrow's War Menu

BREAKFAST
Corned Beef Hash on Toast
Rice Muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Lentil and Rice Loaf
Boston Brown Bread
Apple Sauce
DINNER
Bean Souffle
Orange Salad
Cheese Straws
Coffee

Patsy Kildare, Outlaw

COMES BACK
The little imp who ran away from these columns some weeks ago comes back to her friends in MONDAY'S

THE GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By DR. JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG

THE mere contact of flakes of bran with the mucous membrane of the intestine has a stimulating effect. Bran does not irritate, it merely titillates or tickles. When bran is taken into the mouth—even dry bran—it does not give rise to irritation. That is, it does not wound the tongue or the gums or cause them to bleed, but involuntarily the tongue and cheek muscles keep up a constant activity until every particle of bran has been removed. These movements are quite involuntary. They go on automatically without the exercise of volition.

The same thing occurs in the stomach and intestines. The mucous membrane will not tolerate the presence even of very minute foreign bodies. Everything must be moved along. The intestinal tract must be kept clear. Nothing must be left lying about by the wayside. The intestine acts incessantly until every minute particle of its contents has been passed on into the colon.

The same thing happens in the normal colon. Contact of solid material or semi-solid material keeps the intestine busy in an effort to move it along. When the bulk is sufficient to distend the bowel vigorous peristaltic waves are set up which sweep the bowel contents along so swiftly that the movement cannot be followed by the eye in observations made with the x-ray.

But no irritation is produced; that is, the mucous surface is not lacerated or bruised by contact with the particles of bran.

Bran in its ordinary dried condition might well be imagined capable of producing irritation, but bran in this condition is never found in the alimentary canal. Before it enters the stomach—even before it enters the mouth—bran is moistened and is usually mixed with other moist foodstuffs. Wet bran is no more capable of producing irritation than wet paper, in fact there is no better emollient than a bran poultice.

Some experimental evidence has been offered which seems to show that bran contains a substance that stimulates the intestine to activity.

It is probable that no other substance known possesses so many and so valuable laxative properties as does bran.

Deformed Toes

How can a correction be made when the toes turn out to the side too much, so that the weight is thrown on the big joints and causes them to protrude?

It is quite possible that the shoes are not properly constructed. Consult an orthopedist. There may be some deformity or weakness of some group of muscles.

Best Time for Bathing

How long is it best to wait after meals before taking a bath?

O. R.
It is a hot fomentation to relieve pain or indigestion you can take it right after eating. A general hot or cold bath should not be taken for at least two hours after meals.

Arthritis

Is arthritis hereditary? KATHERINE.
The tendency to arthritis is hereditary, but the disease itself is not.

Castor Oil

Do you prescribe the use of castor oil?

V. Z.
It is better to take a dose of castor oil than to allow the body to be filled with putrefying material, but one should not habitually use castor oil or any other medicinal laxative. Laxatives are harmful because they irritate the bowel and lessen its resistance. By the use of bran and paraffin oil at every meal and a proper diet, the bowels may be made to move after each meal and castor oil will not be needed. All medicinal laxatives do harm by irritating the colon. They damage the whole digestive duty, causing gastric irritation, hyperacidity, colitis and increased constipation.

(Copyright.)

Tinplate Workers Strike
CANONSBURG, Pa., July 20.—With assertions that managers of the plant had refused to confer with representatives of the organization, 2000 employees of the Standard Tin Plate Company struck here. The walkout occurred after a meeting addressed by officers of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Sheet and Tin Plate Workers. The employment of nonunion men is said to be the point involved.

Infants—Mothers

Thousands testify

Horlick's The Original Malted Milk

Upbuilds and sustains the body No Cooking or Milling required Used for 1/2 of a Century Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.



Silk - Satin - Taffeta Frocks for Vacation Days

A tempting variety of the season's popular models at incomparable prices.

7.98 9.98 12.98

Inexpensive Specials—

Replenish your wardrobe with BILLY BUCKE DRESSES of Linen in Rose, Pink, Blue, etc. LAWN DRESSES in dress-maker effects. Special lot just put on sale, \$2.49.

Other favorites at economical prices awaiting your selection. For stylish summer frocks, by all means



Close Tuesday and Wednesday evenings all 11 o'clock.

"MA" SUNDAY'S INTIMATE TALKS

The wife of the famous evangelist discusses everyday topics in a helpful and wholesome way.

The Devil's Tea

I WAS eating lunch at a hotel while I waited for a train. I noticed that a nearby group of young persons, two girls and two young men, were rather noisy. They had a table together, and were, apparently, drinking a good deal of tea, refilling the cup, which the waiter brought them, out of sight, behind a screen.

"That tea is certainly making these girls nervous," I said to a friend. "Tea!" he grunted. "That's not tea. It's booze."

"But they're mere children!" I said. "It's impossible."

"It's not at all impossible, ma'am," he said. "Those young things can get away with more cocktails than you would think anybody could, to say nothing of such children, as you've rightly called them, ma'am."

"Then why do you serve them?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "A waiter that tried to refuse would lose his job," he answered. "I sat there, fascinated, watching these girls and boys who ought to have been under the eyes of their mothers. Those mothers—where were they? What could they be thinking about to let such a thing happen?"

The girls laughed more and more. The big red spot on their cheeks grew and grew. They made excited gestures. One of them spilled some of her "tea" and giggled senselessly over it. Neither one remembered that self-respect should have kept them from exhibiting themselves in such a condition. And then, the younger, was sickened, and had to leave the table. That, it seemed, was the crowning joke of all. They fairly shouted over it.

"Can it be that this happens often?" I asked our waiter.

"Often?" It happens all the time. It happens from 10 o'clock in the morning until we have to put 'em out at night."

"Where do they get the money?" I asked. "Those boys must be making very small salaries."

He shrugged his shoulders again. He didn't know. He didn't care much. All them with what they could pay for. Would the boys have sat hours over a clean, healthful amusement? Upon reading together? Or upon the boys' innocent, gay and delightful talk that you people can always have together when they possess mutual tastes? Why, the boys can always be controlled by the girls for their moral good. It is the divine power which God has put into the hands of woman.

The girl who drinks cocktails is ruining her body, debasing her soul, selling her sex nature, lowering herself steadily.

The day of a national, rigid prohibition is coming—hastened by just such spectacles as this.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Cloud-shadows moving on the grass

Touch me gently when they pass,

And then, although the clouds are high

I feel so friendly with the sky.

By J. C. K.

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